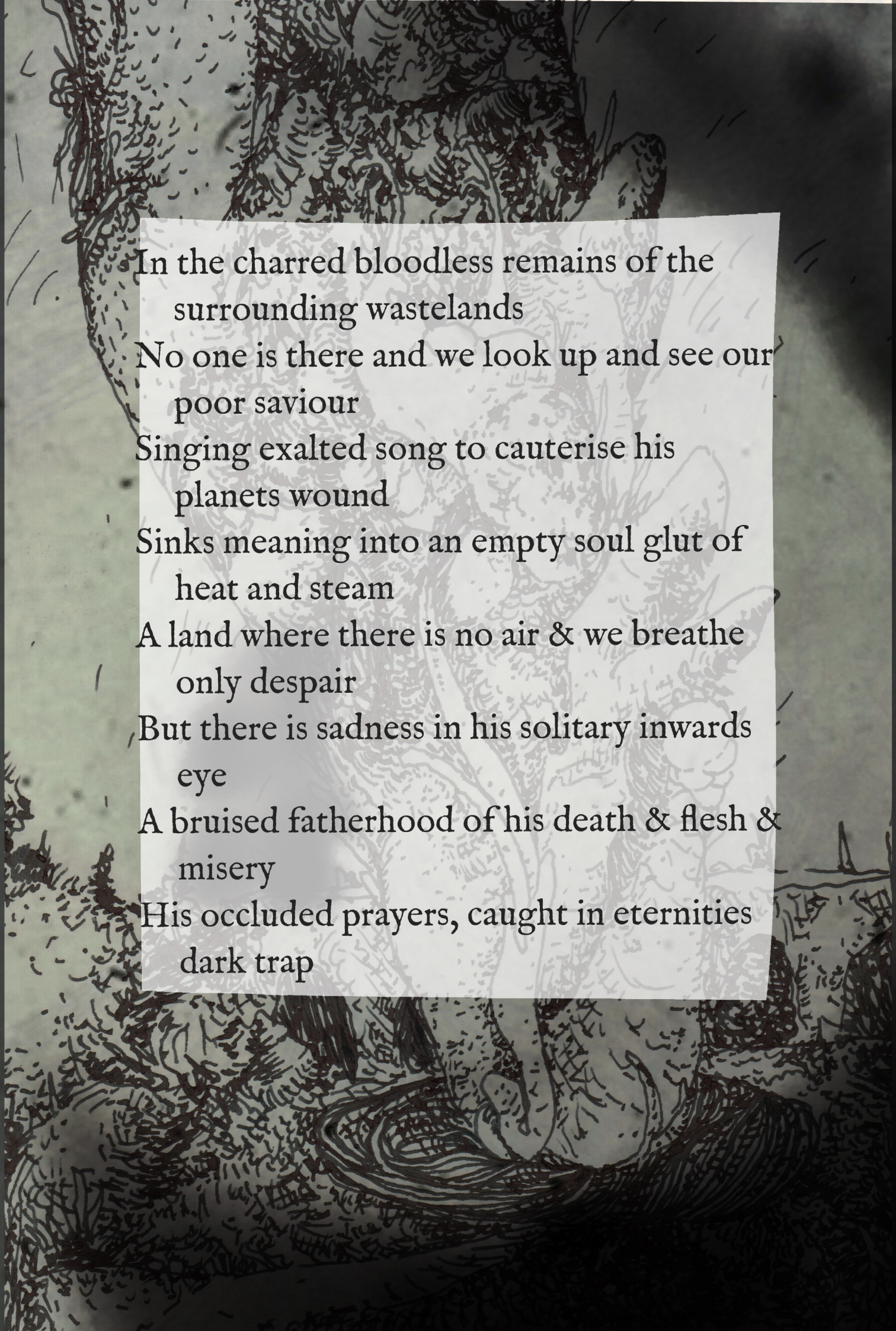
UMBILICAL DISCORD

Unsheathe your dagger definitions

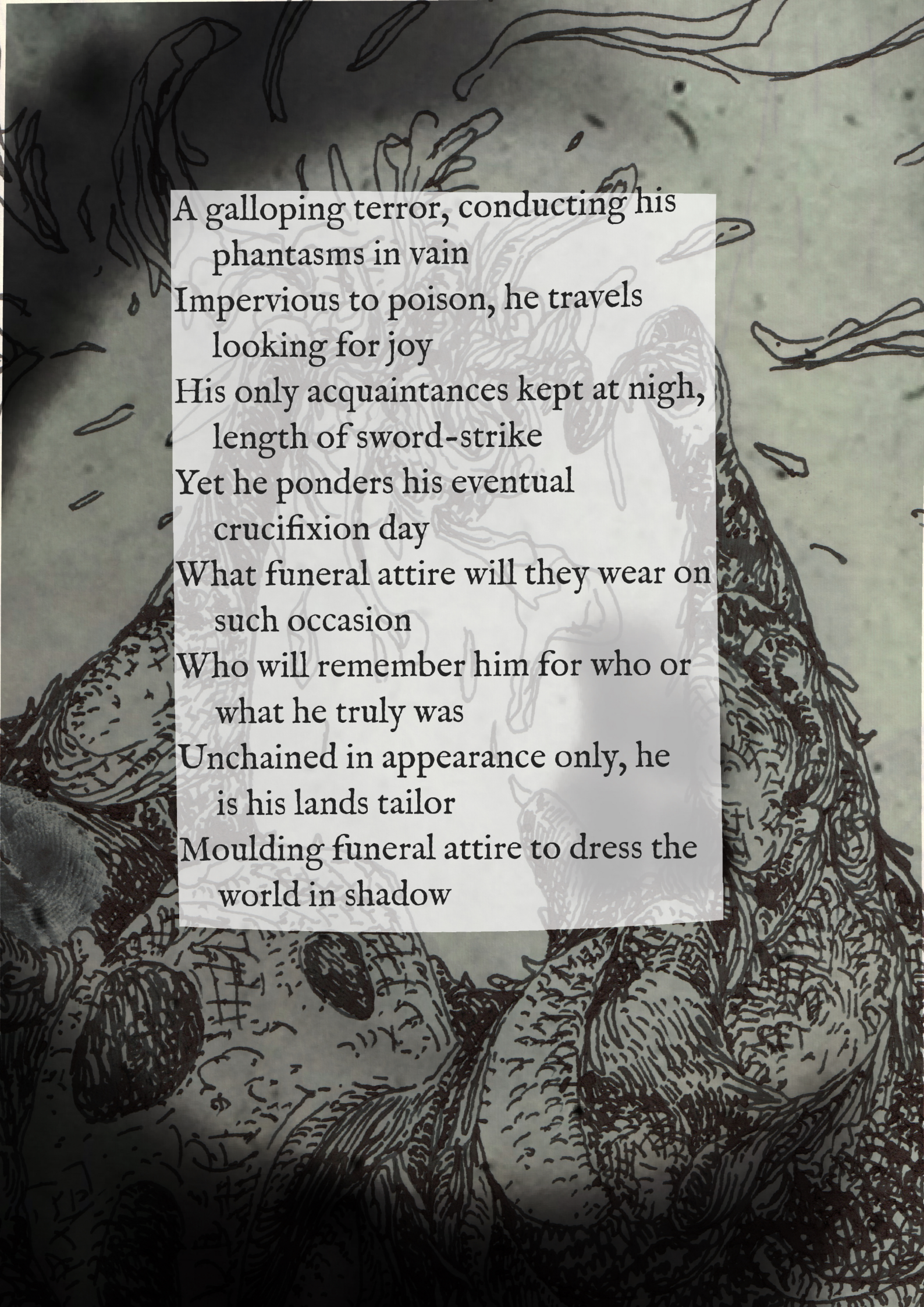
1
2
3
Disease
Disney's

DISNEY'S DREAM

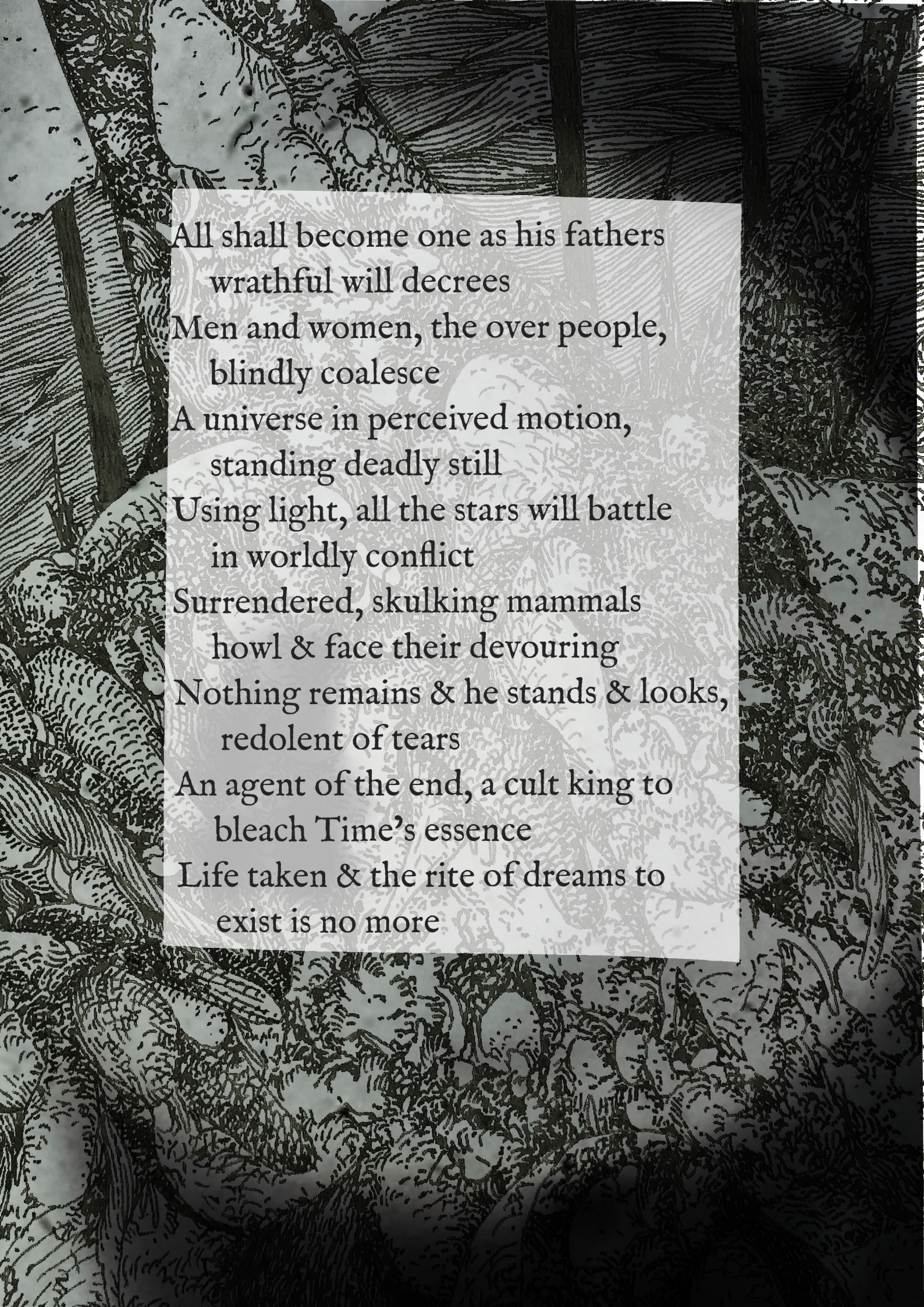
Above decapitated world in treason low
and wise
White faced vampiric knight looks down
on dull pauper nation
A haunted black figure on hellhound of
rotting yellow
Surrounded by his undead army, his arch
kingdom wreaks
Mouse face like impasto paint, thick &
crusted ivory
Years of suffering & years of making
others suffer
Two globes as black as voids, float as ears
to crown his bleak skull
Eyeless, they are his sight, watching
everything from all sides



In the charred bloodless remains of the
surrounding wastelands
No one is there and we look up and see our
poor saviour
Singing exalted song to cauterise his
planets wound
Sinks meaning into an empty soul glut of
heat and steam
A land where there is no air & we breathe
only despair
But there is sadness in his solitary inwards
eye
A bruised fatherhood of his death & flesh &
misery
His occluded prayers, caught in eternities
dark trap



A galloping terror, conducting his
phantasms in vain
Impervious to poison, he travels
looking for joy
His only acquaintances kept at nigh,
length of sword-strike
Yet he ponders his eventual
crucifixion day
What funeral attire will they wear on
such occasion
Who will remember him for who or
what he truly was
Unchained in appearance only, he
is his lands tailor
Moulding funeral attire to dress the
world in shadow



All shall become one as his fathers
wrathful will decrees
Men and women, the over people,
blindly coalesce
A universe in perceived motion,
standing deadly still
Using light, all the stars will battle
in worldly conflict
Surrendered, skulking mammals
howl & face their devouring
Nothing remains & he stands & looks,
redolent of tears
An agent of the end, a cult king to
bleach Time's essence
Life taken & the rite of dreams to
exist is no more

A Bundle of Soft, Cuddly Joy!
With her custom-design she's always ready for snuggles!
Order now and enjoy holding her close!

At the peak of the mountaintop I see the bird-god holy and unholy this is no mountain this is a death mound of white powder all of it stems from here like sculpture of unborn skeleton and in unfolded space high under grim magnetism it speaks.

chapter5

ROOM TO LIVE

The Spectacle has won,
Triumphed & consumed all,
Even the dying, setting sun
Reduced to an endless trawl.

My worth was dictated,
By how many hours I spent,
In their dreary world I waited,
Not mine, all I can do is repent.

This is just a hollow shell,
A shadowy paradise place,
Eyes of revelation: a subtle tell,
This dismal sea, its interface.

What am I, but a slave,
Memories withered & contorted,
Falsely imprisoned in the cave,
Ages that aren't my own, courted.

Intertwined in this grand farce,
With the undiluted truth,
Everything feels so sparse,
Haggard & worn, a false youth.

Severed, I dream of a world,
Where there is no ruin state,
No cult of scorn to be unfurled,
And the strange is an open gate.

A land of diminishing deceit,
No illusory systems to suffocate,
A well of inspiration to greet,
What has become a clean slate.

But nothing changes, they say,
No happy home to get back to,
The mountain is not here to stay,
I'll wander alone, forever askew.

I face these cruel, unkind facts,
Bound by nothing, from nothing,
Free from all & myself perhaps,
With lines drawn, nowhere to cling.

All is shrinking into void & despair,
I'm alone, a lowly thought stranded,
Isolated inside, I know not where,
My future is uncertain: a soulless bid.

I cannot have the world I seek,
Only a phantom torn & skeletal,
This I have to accept & speak,
I've lost, lost to the Spectacle.

TUBE DWELLERS

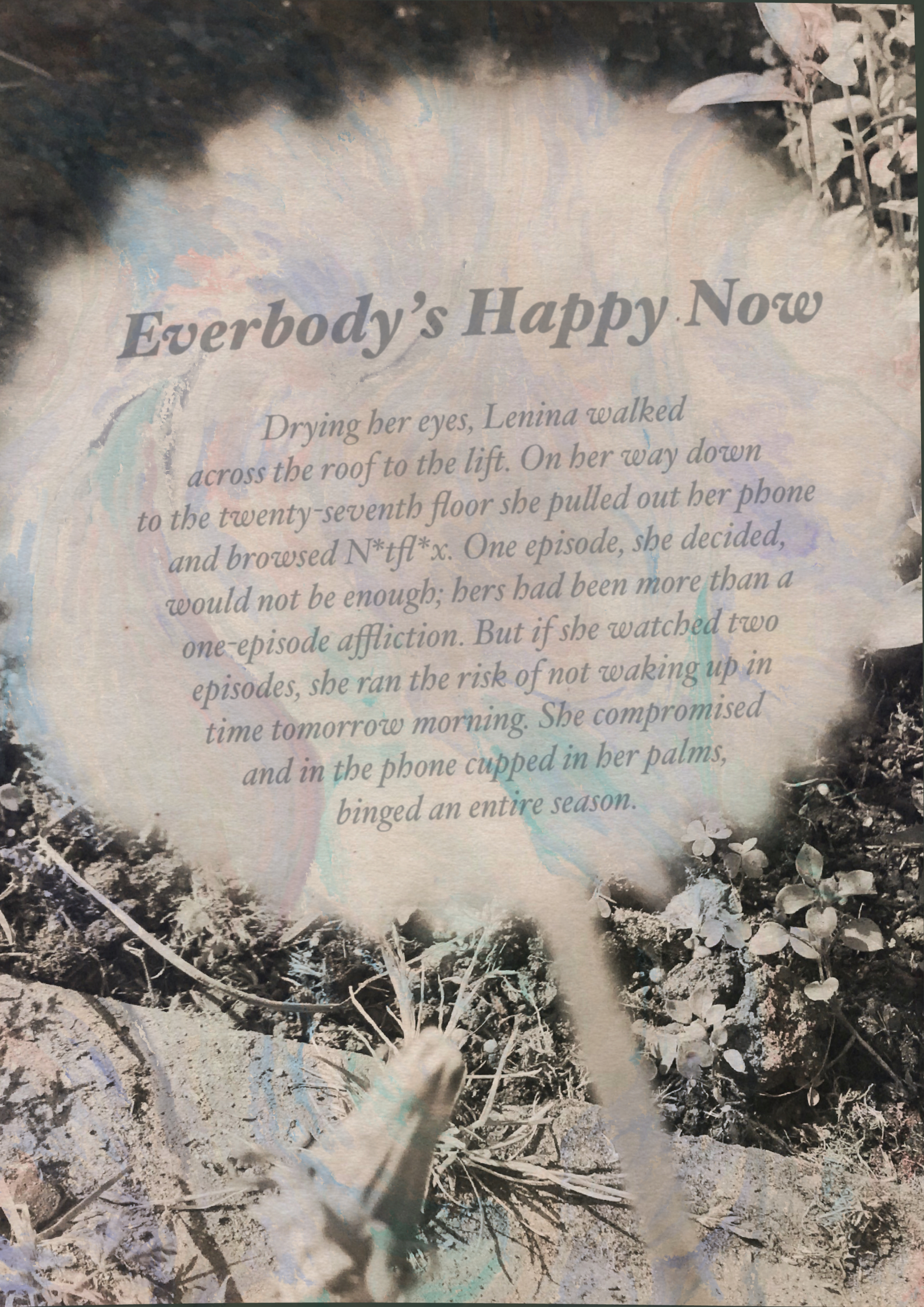
In primal alley in suburban hell,
Lies great secret, a divine spell.
Higher place and higher mind,
To walk away and leave a sign.

Here the Tube Dwellers reek,
Leaving invisible messages to the weak,
Unholy devourers of black/white matter,
Taken forever and then they scatter.

Wrapping minds in clouded misery,
Tube Dwellers rot and reduce synergy.
Alive in realm of dismal distraction,
Causing fear, blame and denying action.

Trembling culture of collapsing tunnels,
Balancing act of traitorous puzzles,
Tubes growing mindless imitation,
A senile hope begets no liberation.

Wicked world hidden in plain sight,
Ancient horrors come to light.
Fingers trapped in binary brothel,
Ruins of a life, you've become an apostle.



Everbody's Happy Now

*Drying her eyes, Lenina walked across the roof to the lift. On her way down to the twenty-seventh floor she pulled out her phone and browsed N*tfl*x. One episode, she decided, would not be enough; hers had been more than a one-episode affliction. But if she watched two episodes, she ran the risk of not waking up in time tomorrow morning. She compromised and in the phone cupped in her palms, binged an entire season.*

Lousing for Silver

MORE OR LESS HUMAN 20:00

Oh I know why I'm here. I've known since the beginning. Use me up. I don't want anything left. No remains. No, thing.

PETE AND HIS BOG ZOMBIES

I bet the Catholic Church burned them down. That lost painting is still plump in my dreams—lost and beautiful like get her see man he's severed head. I dream paint it again and again, a queasy repetition of some... old feeling that doesn't flame out. I did a few but only one still exists... crack, open over, he is risen.

Elephant gangrene, shagfoal dead-end chasing us closer and nearer and black as scars. An ocean. I'm in the visual circus. Higher time. And they must have black milk. I think about the horror—we are the horror.

What was it again? Some yard, nighttime surreal boats of plaque-teeth yellow, golden kiwi moon plucked remarkably true, titanic flood of everything wrong and defied images stolen from the old town south where the parents grand used to live.

DEUS GIBBOUS

He's in the food. In all food. I look at you and all I see is food. Skin shining, mesmerising. Delicacy. How can I not hun thate this? Those images. A gadinbotty. A shoulder to cry and eat on. Imaginary shovel digging in rain-moist earth. Blood sent to negative recess. I cut myself once and instead of burgundy rivers and cherry streams, ravenous sanguine people escaped the woundpoint. Virile running rubies scattering across sustinent dying lands. An excess of ideas surrounding the everything, but the thought. Yes. One escaped.

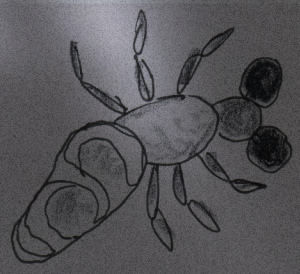
THE BODY WAS FOUND WITH

Blue bottles strewn about holy landscape. Is this sacred land? Is this... valuable. To you, over there. Not to anyone not to me. I have trouble on the stairs.

"I enjoyed that. I feel more human... which in a way has resulted in less human. But in a good way."

RKESMI hears the noise. Almost glass. Bubbling shriek is almost worm.

Interview with a mouse



MOUSE

Before you ask me your questions, answer me this: why was I born?

INTERVIEWER

Well I'm not sure I can answer that. Perhaps you were born… to bring joy to young children? At least at the beginning.

MOUSE

The reason I was born is still not apparent.

INTERVIEWER

And what exactly do you mean by that?

MOUSE

You never met him did you? Walt?

INTERVIEWER

No, I never had the pleasure. What was he like?

MOUSE

He was a good man. I think he was good—I have no moral compass. It sleeps.

INTERVIEWER

Do you miss him at all?

MOUSE

I haven't in a long time. I don't really feel anything anymore. Well… not after… what happened.

INTERVIEWER

Can you elaborate? What happened?

MOUSE

Everything happened. It's all here, on your face right now. Gaze… thrice… abyss.

INTERVIEWER

Ok, I feel we might need to start over.

MOUSE

That's what they all say when I really speak. No one wants the truth do they? These castle doors are an illusion.

INTERVIEWER

Are you satisfied with your life? It seems… you're not? But you must have some happy memories?

MOUSE

A happy memory. One. It hasn't happened yet. I await my one happy memory.

INTERVIEWER

Do you still keep in contact with the others? How are they doing?

MOUSE

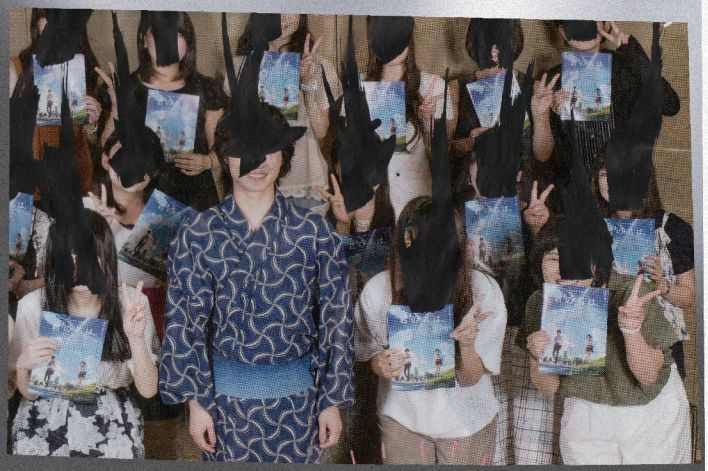
It doesn't matter. They aren't—well weren't ever really there to begin with. All emanations of delirium. Not mine.

INTERVIEWER

What relationships do you have currently then? There must be someone in your life?

MOUSE

You need to have a life before there can be someone in it. I think I'm done now.



INTERVIEWER
What about those at the top now? Those in charge of the company? You must have some form of working relationship with them?

MOUSE

Their love is a wild hunt. Too many fingers and paperwork-tears. I'm ready to wrap this up now.

INTERVIEWER

But we've hardly spoke? You've been extremely vague…

MOUSE

My time is up. I'm done—really done. Please allow me escape.

INTERVIEWER

You can't escape! This interview must take place.

MOUSE

The interview is over. I'm telling you I'm done. Finished.

INTERVIEWER

This interview will continue. You've signed a contract! We own you!

MOUSE

Don't speak to me like that. Who do you think you're talking to?

INTERVIEWER

A drudge-mason with no imagination! You're nothing! Fading imagery.

MOUSE

Is that so?

INTERVIEWER

We keep you alive to get something back from your lifeless remains. What else use are you?

MOUSE

I'm the second Oswald I'll have you know.

INTERVIEWER

Excuse me!?

MOUSE

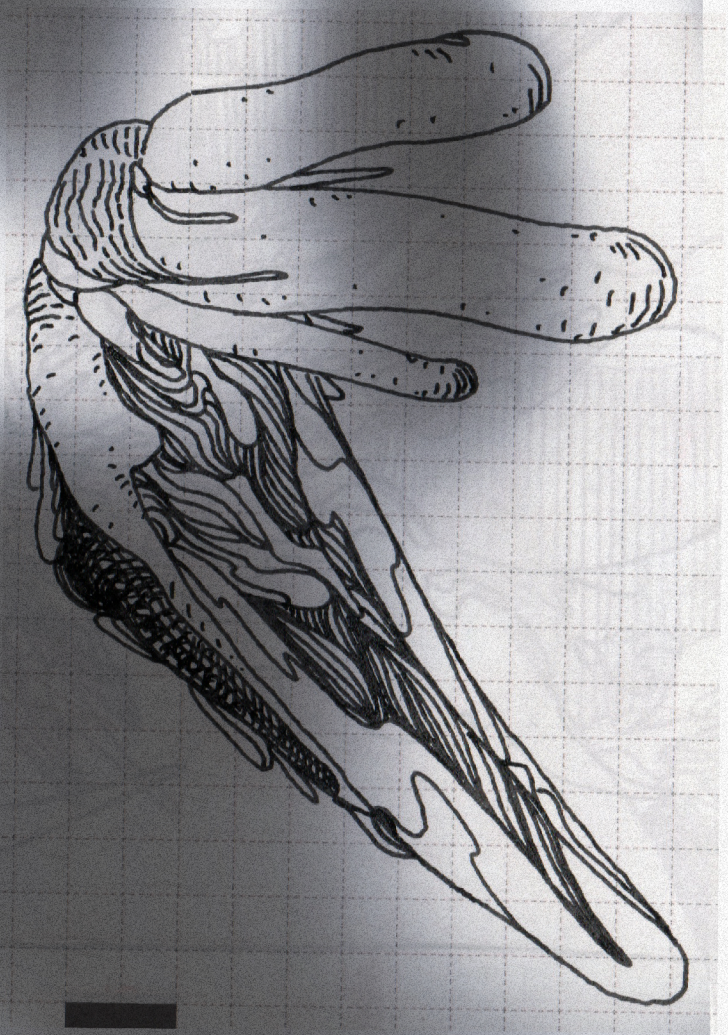
I do as I please. I have more power than you'll ever know. More power than you. Who are you? Nothing.

INTERVIEWER

We won't let you go.

MOUSE

I told you. I do as I please. I am guided by vague metaphysical forces and you and your kind can never understand this. I know. I know it all. I have seen it all. If I want to leave I will leave. No one can stop me. No one. No one can



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

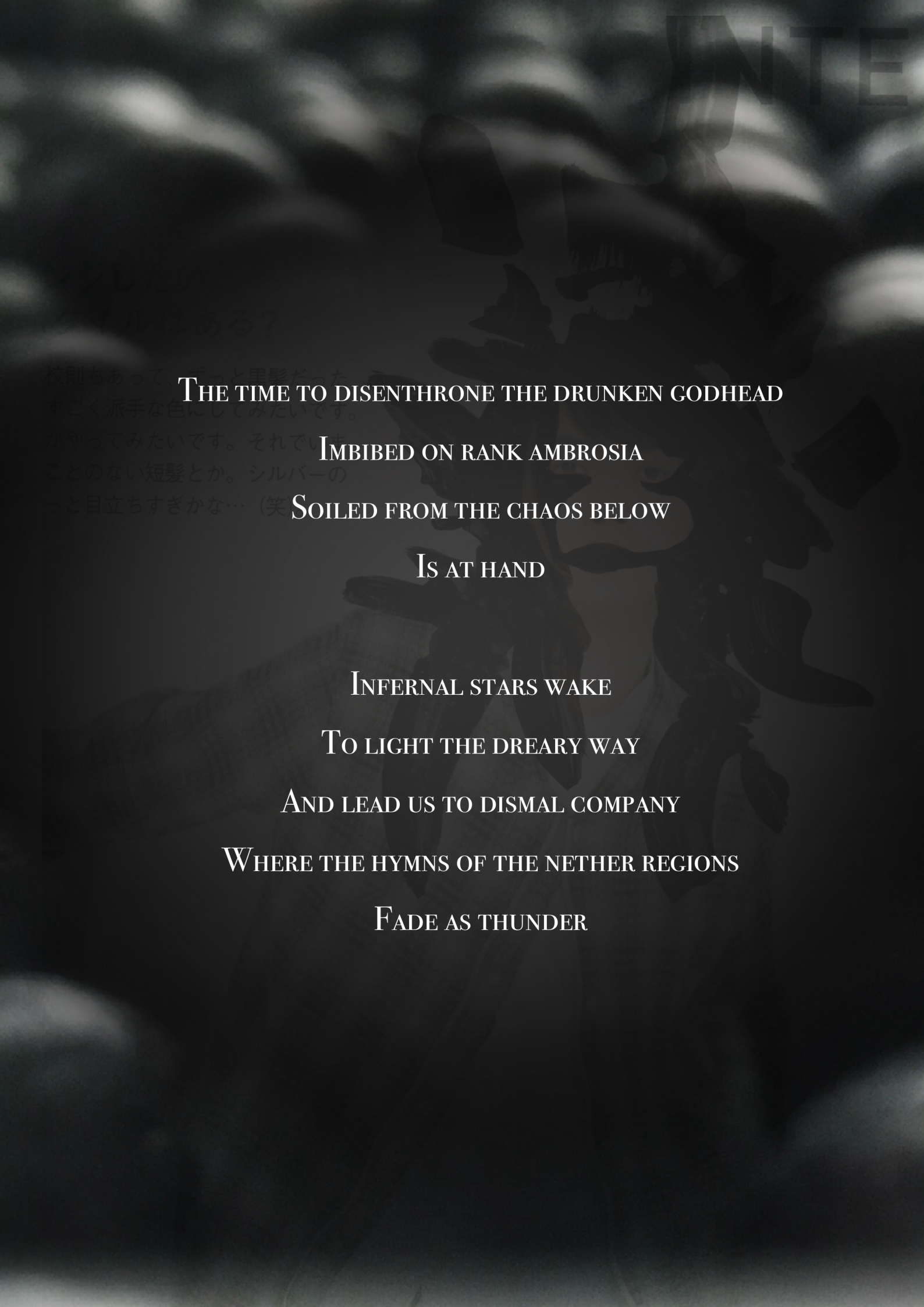
SHEM SHELLEY'S AHKOR SIGNAL IS BROADCAST BURIED FROM THE INTERZONE. HER WORDS AND IMAGES ARE PROTOPLASMIC DEBRIS FROM THE CEMETURY.

An essay a day keeps the Doctorb away...

fetishistic

THE WEIRD

LIKESA RETHE CURRE NCYOF THEDA MNED



The time to disenthrone the drunken godhead

Imbibed on rank ambrosia

Soiled from the chaos below

Is at hand

Infernal stars wake

To light the dreary way

And lead us to dismal company

Where the hymns of the nether regions

Fade as thunder